

room and house, when, racing down Hope Square, she leaped over a great dog in her way, but being pursued by the fleetest of her friends, the fair fugitive, or rather temporary maniac, was at length overtaken and secured, without further damage.' After this, Mr. Cotde himself wisely refused a trial inhalation; as for the ladies of Bristol 'not one, after this time, could be prevailed upon to look at *the green bag*, or hear of nitrous oxide, without horror⁹.

But in spite of such diversions the Pneumatic Institution, when at last opened in 1798 by the financial aid of friends, did not prosper. After beginning with the brightest hopes the patients grew disgruntled; what was worse, they grew suspicious that they were being experimented on; as indeed they were. Death and doubt thinned their numbers; until at last, says Cotde, the Doctor was driven to pay his poorer patients sixpence a day 'so that when all hopes of cure had subsided, it became a mere pecuniary calculation with the sufferers whether, for a parish allowance of three shillings a week, they should submit, or not, to be drenched with these nauseous gases*. In 1801 Humphry Davy went to London; the Institution gradually transformed itself into an ordinary hospital; and was finally abandoned by its creator in 1807, the year before his death.

But that restless brain was really happier

framing propaganda than prescriptions. His medical writings provide a formidable and sometimes entertaining list of tides; nor did he stop at writing. In 1797 he arranged in Bristol a course of lectures on anatomy by two local surgeons; for which he himself penned an introductory lecture full of pompous but sensible observations on the dangers to public health that might be diminished by public knowledge. It proved a success; and Dr. Beddoes, passing from audacity to audacity, now instituted 'a more select